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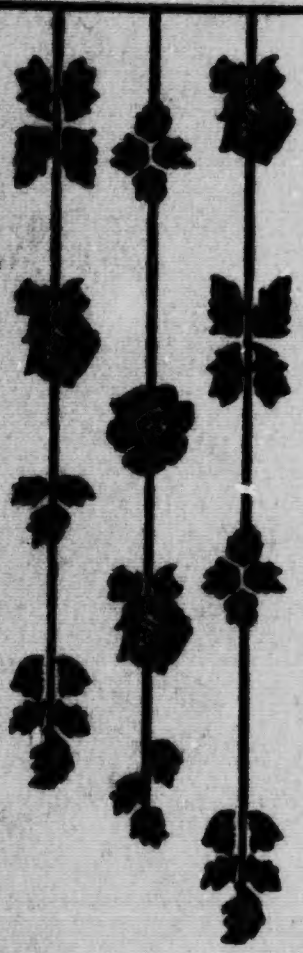
Law of Parkinson, Amy

BEST

The Story of The Messenger Hours with some of the thoughts they have brought to

AMY PARKINSON



Best

Best:

THE STORY OF

THE MESSENGER HOURS,

WITH SOME OF THE THOUGHTS
THEY HAVE BROUGHT

TO

AMY PARKINSON,

AUTHOR OF

"LOVE THROUGH ALL" AND "IN HIS KEEPING."

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS.
1902

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,
in the year one thousand nine hundred and two,
by AMY PARKINSON,
in the office of the Minister of Agriculture,
at Ottawa.

ALL that thy Father does is best for thee.
Like the soft chime of bells in perfect tune,
Heard o'er and o'er again, but never falling
Upon the ear too soon, nor e'er too long,
Continued, so these oft-repeated words
Chime through our lives. And as the sweet-toned bells
Through falling rain and over mist-wreathed river
More near do sound, so this most sweet assurance
Doth stronger grow in times of pain and sadness.
Himself hath told us that not willingly
He sends us sorrow ; and He, too, is grieved
In all our grievings. So, when joys of earth
Each after each withdraw themselves, and hopes
Grow faint and die, let us but be more sure
Our Father loves us. Nor, by questionings
And frettings that so oft our days lack brightness,
Make it less easy for His tender heart
To choose our highest good. Oh, patient wait !
And we shall see, ere long, His best, bright end
To all our cloudy days.

The Messenger Hours.

I.

THOUGHT, as I watched in the dawning dim
The hours of the coming day,
That each shadowy form was surely robed
In the self-same hue of grey;
And that sad was each half-averted face,
Unlit by a cheering ray.

But as one by one they drew near to me,
And I saw them true and clear,
I found that the hours were all messengers,
Sent forth by a Friend most dear,
To bring me whatever I needed most—
Of chastening or of cheer.

And though some of them, truly, were grave and sad,
And moved with reluctant feet,
There were others came gladly, with smiling eyes,
And footsteps by joy made fleet:
But whether with gladness or sorrow fraught,
The message each bore was sweet.

For even the saddest, and weighted most
With trial and pain for me,
Yet breathed in my ear, ere it passed from sight,
"This cross I have brought to thee
Comes straight from the Friend, Who, of all thy friends,
Doth love thee most tenderly.

"He would rather have sent thee a joyous hour,
And fraught with some happy thing;
But He saw that naught else could so meet thy need
As this strange, sad gift I bring;
And He loved thee too well to withhold the gift,
Though it causes thee suffering."

II.

So, now, as I watch in the dawning dim
The hours of each coming day,
I remember that golden threads of love
Run all through their garments grey;
And I know that each face, as it turns to me,
Will be lit with a friendly ray.

And whether they most be sombre or glad,
No hour of all the band
But will bring me a greeting from Him I love,
And reach out a helping hand
To hasten my steps as I traverse the road
That leads to the better land.

For the Lord of that land is the Friend I love,
And I know He keeps for me
A home of delight in His kingdom fair
That I greatly long to see;
And the hours that shall speed me on my way
I must welcome gratefully.

III.

And soon I shall trace through the dawning dim,
'Mid the hours of some coming day,
A figure unlike to its sister forms,
With garments more gold than grey;
And the face of that one, when it meets my gaze,
Will send forth a wondrous ray.

So I watch for that latest and brightest hour
Which my Lord will send to me;
I know that its voice will be low and sweet,
And this shall its message be:
"Come quickly, and enter thy home of joy,
For the King is calling thee."

I shall go to Him soon! I have waited long
To behold His beauty rare;
But I surely shall see Him and hear His voice,
And a part in His glory share,
When I answer the summons, solemn yet glad,
Which the last sweet hour shall bear.

First Day.

"To every thing there is a season."—ECCLES. 3 : 1.
"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—JNO. 13 : 7.

SHRINK not from journeying o'er the road
That is appointed by thy God;
It may not be or smooth or bright,
But all His ways are wise and right.

And by and by thyself shalt see
The reason of His choice for thee;
For in the light before His throne
Thou, too, shalt know, as thou art known.

Then courage, courage, drooping soul!
Fix but thine eyes upon the goal—
And so press on! The end will tell
That He hath always chosen well.

Second Day.

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."—ISA. 55 : 9.

"Follow thou Me."—JNO. 21 : 22.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."—JNO. 14 : 3.

THY will in all things is all my desire;
Grant me the patience which never doth tire;
Give me the faith that confides in Thy love,
Dark though the storm-clouds do lower above.

Thy will be mine, O my Saviour, my God;
Glad will I follow where Thy feet have trod;
Do Thou but guide, and I never shall stray,
Long though the journey and winding the way.

Thy care be over me, Guardian and Friend;
Thy love encompass me on to the end,
Till in Thy presence I dwell evermore—
Darkness and danger and weariness o'er!

Third Day.

"Ye shall . . . be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you."—JOEL 2 : 26.

WE shall be satisfied :
Although on earth dire disappointments press,
And sorrow stays our stream of happiness ;
In heaven true joys abide—
We shall be satisfied.

We shall be satisfied :
There every yearning heart God's fulness fills ;
And there He garners good from seeming ills
Through which He here doth guide—
We shall be satisfied.

We shall be satisfied :
Not here—not now—but when we joyous rise,
And in His presence open our glad eyes,
With Him for aye to abide—
We shall be satisfied.

Fourth Day.

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil."—JER. 29 : 11.

THOU hast told us, Lord,
That all things work together for their good
Who hold Thee dear; and we believe Thy word.
By our unaided thought we had not dreamed
That loneliness and loss and care and pain
Could tend to joy; but Thou hast given us
Thy firm assurance, and we rest in it.
And now and then a beam from the bright future
Streams sweetly forth, and so irradiates
The darkened glass in which we dimly trace
Thy purposes, that we begin to see
How Thou dost lead to Thy most precious things
Through seeming evils.

Fifth Day.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—PSA. 30 : 5.

THE night may be long, and be dreary it may;
But there surely will follow a bright, bright day.

Unchecked in the darkness if sad tears must fall,
The joy of the dawning shall banish them all. . . . .

Then wait we with patience, and rest in His love,
Who ruleth supreme every shadow above.

No gloom shall surround us, no sorrow shall press,
Except that He send them our spirits to bless. . . . .

Oh, tranquilly, trustfully let us abide
The breaking, so bright, of God's glad morningtide.

Sixth Day.

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."—PSA. 97 : 2.
"The morning cometh."—ISA. 21 : 12.

MORNING of mornings! in thy wondrous light
Fears shall dissolve and sorrows melt away
Like clouds and mist that gather in the night,
But flee before the presence of the king of day.

Morning of mornings! thy clear beams shall throw
A radiance on the volume of the past,
Till all its mystic leaves with meaning glow,
And lines so hard to read before grow plain at last.

Eternal Dayspring! Sun of Righteousness!
Light of the morn of morns! we know Thee near;
So, though the darkness hides from us Thy face,
We wait with certain hope until Thy dawn appear.

Seventh Day.

"Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, . . . I am the Lord thy God . . . which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."—ISA. 48 : 17.
"With lovingkindness have I drawn thee."—JER. 31 : 3.

CHILD, He loves thee well—
More tenderly than language e'er can tell;
And be thou sure that He would never bring
By way of weariness and suffering,
Save for thy highest good. Couldst thou but see
In its entirety His design for thee,
Thou wouldst rejoice to tread this self-same road
From which thou shrinkest now. Oh! trust thy God
Till, earth's bewilderments all overpast,
Thou enter to the light of heaven at last.

Eighth Day.

"Where is the way where light dwelleth?"—Job 38 : 19.
"He goeth before."—Jno. 10 : 4.
"Follow His steps."—1 Pet. 2 : 21.

HE knoweth, "He knoweth the way that I take,"
Where night's gloomy shades gather o'er me;
The day and the darkness to Him are alike,
And He treads all my life-path before me.

Straight forward I press where He calls me to come,
In His love and His wisdom confiding,
Full sure the dark journey in brightness shall end,
If only I follow His guiding.

He knoweth, "He knoweth the way that I take,"
And He never will leave me—no, never—
Till there streams from above me the marvellous light
That shall shine without shadow forever.

Ninth Day.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—ROM. 8 : 28.

FOR good?—
This weary spirit and this frame enfeebled?
These hopes laid by? these hours of loneliness?
These troublous thoughts that press their weight upon me?

For good, for good alone. Unshaken stands
The promise of thy God. All crosses borne
On earth by those who love Him, tend to add
Lustre more bright unto the radiant crowns
He keeps for them in heaven. And these, thy woes
(Which are but transient, and will pass away
As vanisheth a dream when dawns the day—
As flee the frost and snow at spring's approach,
Their mission o'er), shall surely work for thee
A bliss imperishable.

Tenth Day.

"He shall choose our inheritance."—PSA. 47 : 4.
"Treasure in heaven."—LUKE 18 : 22.

WOULDST thou not weep, when 'tis the tear-wet faces
Shall feel the tender touch of God's own hand?
Wouldst ne'er be weary, when for weary pilgrims
He keeps such sweet rest in His glad home-land?

Wouldst suffer naught, when who His will doth suffer
With Him a regal diadem shall wear?
Wouldst have thy portion here, when heavenly mansions
He doth for thy inheritance prepare?

Nay; suffer now—and pass to joy eternal!
Be weary for a while—then rest alway!
Bear here the cross; grasp not at things that perish;
Thou shalt be crowned where treasures are for aye!

Eleventh Day.

"How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, O God!" —PSA. 36 : 7.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—PSA. 73 : 24.

SUPREME above rules All-wise Love;
Child, let this thought most sweet
Dispel thy fears, and check thy tears,
And nerve thy faltering feet.

He to Whose heart more dear thou art
Than speech could e'er express,
Through darkened day, o'er sinuous way,
Doth call thee but to bless.

Firm be thy tread, the maze to thread,
Betwixt His throne and thee;
Its windings past, plain paths at last
And glorious light shall be.

Twelfth Day.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Ex. 33. 14.
"In Thy light shall we see light."—Psa. 36 : 9.

THE dear Lord is leading me home to His Rest,
And the path that He chooses can only be best ;
The road is uneven, the journey is long,
But my Guide is so gentle, His arm is so strong.

I trust Him to lead me through darkness to day,
And He gives me, sometimes, a sweet song by the way ;
I sing it but feebly, my strength is so small,
Yet it tells of the loving Hand guiding through all.

The dear Lord will soon lead me into His Rest,
And will tell me Himself why the dark path was best ;
I feel it below, I shall see it above—
It will all be made plain in the light of His love.

Thirteenth Day.

"No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—HEB. 12 : 11.

'TIS not in anger, but in tenderest love,
Thy Father chastens. As the gardener
To strengthen and to beautify the vine,
And cause that it produce more perfect fruit,
And yield more freely, prunes, and trains, and grafts;
So, when God takes away it is to give;
And where He sets restrictions, they are but
To aid development.

If from thy life
His hand hath severed some aspiring shoots,
And turned aside some outstretched tendrils from
The objects unto which they fain had clung,
He hath inserted deep within thy heart
The germ of goodlier growth, and more prolific,
That thou maye d and blossom, and bring forth
Abundantly the fruit of His desiring.

Fourteenth Day.

"The hand of our God is upon all them that seek Him, for good."—EZRA 8 : 22.

"At Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSA. 16 : 11.

I TRUST His love; I will not ask Him if
There be yet more and more
Of suffering that I must still pass through
Ere this frail life be o'er;—

Nor will I crave to learn if, even yet,
Some joy be meant for me,
Which I had ceased to dream that e'er on earth
It could be mine to see.

Or this or that, below; it matters not:
I have His promise sure
Of pleasures in the world above, which shall
Eternally endure.

Fifteenth Day.

"He knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him."—DAN. 2 : 22.

I

FALLS the night drearily?
Toilest thou wearily
Up the rough road that winds steep from thy sight?
Oh, list to the calling
Of sweet voices, falling
Soft, yet distinct, from the far mountain-height:
"Though gloom gathers o'er thee,
Thy Guide is before thee;
Follow Him closely—He leads to the light."

Sixteenth Day.

"The Lord shall guide thee continually."—ISA. 58 : 11.
"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2 : 17.

THE , gladly confiding
Thyself to His guiding,
Reach, through the darkness, to Jesus thy hand ;
So naught need appal thee,
No harm can befall thee—
Safe, past the mountain's brow, soon thou shalt stand.
There danger is never,
Nor weariness ever,
And bright streams the daylight o'er all the broad land.

Seventeenth Day.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow."
—Isa. 14 : 3.

THOUGH now dark clouds thy sunlight are obscuring,
And trials sore thou art to-day enduring,
There is a world of glory and of gladness
Whence have forever fled all gloom and sadness;
And soon shall dawn the bright, eternal morrow,
When God will bring thee there to rest from sorrow.

Be patient, then; remember He doth love thee,
And lets no shadow cross the sky above thee,
No grief approach, but, when this life is ended,
Will prove unto thy welfare to have tended.
Think of the radiant, everlasting morrow,
When He shall give thee rest from all thy sorrow.

Eighteenth Day.

"That the trial of . . . faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, . . . be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 PET. 1 : 7.

FATHER of lights! if it be Thy decree
In shadow wrapt that to the end I go,
Strengthen my faith, ceaseless to bid me know
Thou willest naught but shall for blessing be.

With firmer confidence than e'er before
Let me believe Thee kind as Thou art wise;
Oh, give me, journeying still with veiléd eyes,
The more Thou triest me to trust Thee more.

This my petition: till—where changeless bright
Thy glories shine, when I at last shall see
The purpose of my life's long mystery—
Prayer shall to praise give place, as faith to sight.

Nineteenth Day.

"There shall be no night there."—REV. 22 : 5.
"There remaineth . . . a rest."—HEB. 4 : 9.
"The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."—ISA. 25 : 8.

THIS earth is not
Your fixed abode. 'Tis but the training school
In which ye tarry for a few brief years.
Your God doth deem the lessons that ye need,
To fit you for a bright inheritance
In yonder realm of light, may here the best
Be learned. And He can ne'er mistake. So, though
Earth's sun shall set, her moon go down,
And night, impenetrable night, close draw
Its sable curtains round you—while the hours
Lag slowly by in weariness and sadness—
Trust in Him still! wait ye with confidence!
Soon to the glorious world of day eternal,
Where perfect rest is found, and hearts, erstwhile
Bowed down with grief, beat high with happiness,
His voice shall bid you "Come."

Twentieth Day.

"Occupy till I come."—LUKE 19 : 13.
"All that thou commandest us we will do."—JOSH. 1 : 16.

I WOULD not leave my post on earth, dear Lord, but at
Thy will;
And if Thou bid me tarry here a little longer still,
I will not fret nor murmur: I am sure Thy choice is best;
And Thou wilt help me not to long too much for heaven
and rest. . . . .

Indeed, indeed, I would not go ere I my work have done:
If I *could* cast the cross aside, with the crown not fully won,
Methinks that even heaven itself would scarcely heaven be
When I found I had unfinished left that Thou didst trust
to me.

Then make me very patient, Lord, and glad to do Thy will,
If Thou dost choose that here on earth I tarry longer still.
And, after all, it may be such a little, little while
Till I shall hear Thy sweet "Well done," and see Thy
loving smile.

Twenty-first Day.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."
—PSA. 37 : 7.

"REST in the Lord"—O put thy trust in Jesus!
Through all that lies before thee in safety He will guide;
Dread though the shadows are, across life's pathway falling,
No evil e'er can harm thee with thy Saviour by thy side.

"Rest in the Lord"—leave these bewildering questions—
He doth not deem it best that thou shouldst have the answers now;
Suffice it that *He* knows them, and let the tender touches
Of His dear fingers smooth the lines of trouble from thy brow.

"Rest in the Lord"—await His bright revealings;
Have patience—He hath promised that hereafter thou shalt know;
And be assured thy thankful heart for everything will praise Him
When dark perplexities of earth their heavenly meanings show.

Twenty-second Day.

"Thou understandest my thought."—PSA. 139 : 2
"Teach me Thy way, O Lord."—PSA. 27 : 11.
"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."—PSA. 56 : 3.

OH, the comfort, Lord, that Thou knowest,
And I need not try to tell
The questioning thoughts that bewilder me—
Thou knowest them all so well.

Oh, the comfort, Lord, that Thou knowest
The best and the safest way;
If I had to find a path for myself
I surely should go astray.

Oh, the comfort, that all *Thou* knowest!
And *I* know that Thou art near—
So I put out my hand and cling to Thine;
And trust Thee in spite of fear.

Twenty-third Day.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 THESS. 5 : 17.
"Seek of Him a right way."—EZRA 8 : 21.

PRAY when the gloom of night doth thee enshroud ;
Father of lights is He, Whose living ray
Can make thick darkness shine as cloudless day.
Pray when by doubtings dread thou art bewildered.
He wavereth not, and can the trembling soul
With confidence endue. When sufferings grow
More grievous, seek His aid ; He will remove,
Or grant thee grace to bear them—as shall be
For thy best good. And if there come again
To thee a time, here in this present life,
Of joy and gladness, be thy supplications
More fervent still, that thou mayest live to Him
From Whom is every good and perfect gift,
In sunlight as in shadow. Always pray.

Twenty-fourth Day.

"In everything give thanks."—1 THESS. 5 : 18.
"The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"—JNO. 18 : 11.

GIVE Thee grateful thanks, for I am sure
No drops can fall,
Of bitterness, into the cup I drink,
But Thou dost count them all;
And I know no trial for Thy sympathy
Can be too small.

So, Lord, I take with thanks from Thy dear hand
All Thou dost send,
Knowing that every sorrow borne for Thee,
To some great joy doth tend,
Where the weary rest and troubled hearts grow glad,
And pain shall end.

Twenty-fifth Day.

"It is well."—2 KINGS 4 : 26.
"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."—PSA. 103 : 13.

BUT mixed with tender pity
Is wise and watchful love,
Which sets our lasting happiness
All transient joys above;
And will not, till their work be done,
Bid sorrow's clouds remove.

Oh, well—yes, well—He chooseth;
For, after these dark days,
Our sight shall all the stronger be
On heaven's "Light" to gaze;
And, like a bird's song learned at night,
More sweet shall swell our praise.

Twenty-sixth Day.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 PET. 5 : 4.

"The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—ROM. 8 : 18.

WHEN in the glad light of heaven
The scenes left behind us we view,
We shall mark how in love He did order each step
As He led us our life-journey through;

And shall find that the crosses we shrank from
Were studded with jewels rare,
All destined to shine in the crowns of joy
Appointed for us to wear.

Oh, then, not alone with submission,
But gratefully, let us endure!
We shall fail not of reaching our bright reward—
It is made by His love secure.

Twenty-seventh Day.

"Sorrow is better than laughter."—ECCLES. 7 : 3.
"It shall be well."—ISA. 3 : 10.

BETTER than dearest joy that we
Had fondly hoped one day to find,
Must be the grief unstayed of Thee,
Who art so kind; . . . .

Better, oh, better! Though it is
Not ours the reason now to see—
Thou knowest: dear Lord, enough is this
We trust in Thee.

We trust in Thee! and heaven will tell—
This happy thought be here our rest—
How all on earth that e'er befell,
For us was best.

Twenty-eighth Day.

"The Lord thy God turned the curse into a blessing unto thee, because the Lord thy God loved thee."—DEUT. 23 : 5.

To some great bliss,
Which, undirected, I should surely miss,
Thou dost determine by the troublous path
Thou bidst me traverse. Not one trial hath
It ever been Thy will that I should bear,
But was an outcome of Thy loving care
For my well-being. And these tired feet
Should even now be following, firm and fleet,
Smooth ways of earthly gladness; full and free
The sunlight of this life should shine on me,
Didst Thou not see it infinitely best
That by this toilsome road I reach my rest,
And that these shadows, deep as deepest night,
Should cloud my passage to the realm of light.

Twenty-ninth Day.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—PSA. 23 : 1.

THOUGH barren all, and rough the road
O'er which He bids me follow now,
His fertile fields are just beyond
The mountain's brow; . . . .

And when I gain my resting-place
Amid the meadows, emerald fair,
No single step shall I regret
That tended there.

For *all* the way by which He led,
Grateful I'll thank my Shepherd-Guide,
When, in His heavenly pastures, I
Am satisfied.

Thirtieth Day.

"The word of the Lord is right; and all His works are done in truth."—PSA. 33 : 4.
"His merciful kindness is great toward us."—PSA. 117 : 2.

PATIENT, then!
All uncomplaining bear what He permits.
And though our way to final happiness
Lies where drear wastes surround, and sunless skies
Stretch dark above, rest we assured of this,
That, were it for our good, the barren desert
Should even now burst into beauteous bloom,
And sad-hued cloud melt to the gold of sunlight.

Ah, yes! He ordereth wisely, and His acts
Are all the acts of love. This we believe
The while we still do sojourn upon earth.
And when we have attained to the glad world
Of everlasting light and deathless beauty—
Faith shall be merged in sight.

Thirty-first Day.

"A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps."—PROV. 16 : 9.

I SHOULD have followed where bright sunbeams played,
If mine had been the choice;
If 'mid these mist-wreaths dense I had not heard
The accents of Thy voice.

But now, methinks that, even if to choose
It might be given me,
On, through the shadows of this self-same road,
I yet would walk with Thee.

For though the mist and darkness close do press,
Thou, Thou art closer still;
And better than a granted wish it is
To accept Thy holy will.

"He Doeth All Things Well."

Words by Amy Parkinson.

Music by W. J. Hunter Emory, M.D.

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1. Child, thy Fa - ther choos - eth
2. Winds the road more steep - ly?
3. Nev - er He mis - tak - eth,
4. On then, up - ward toil - ing!

As is best for thee; Still let this oft re-
Faint - er grows the light? Yet be thou sure that
Ne er doth cease to love — And thou of all His
On through shad - ow dim! The jour - ney will in

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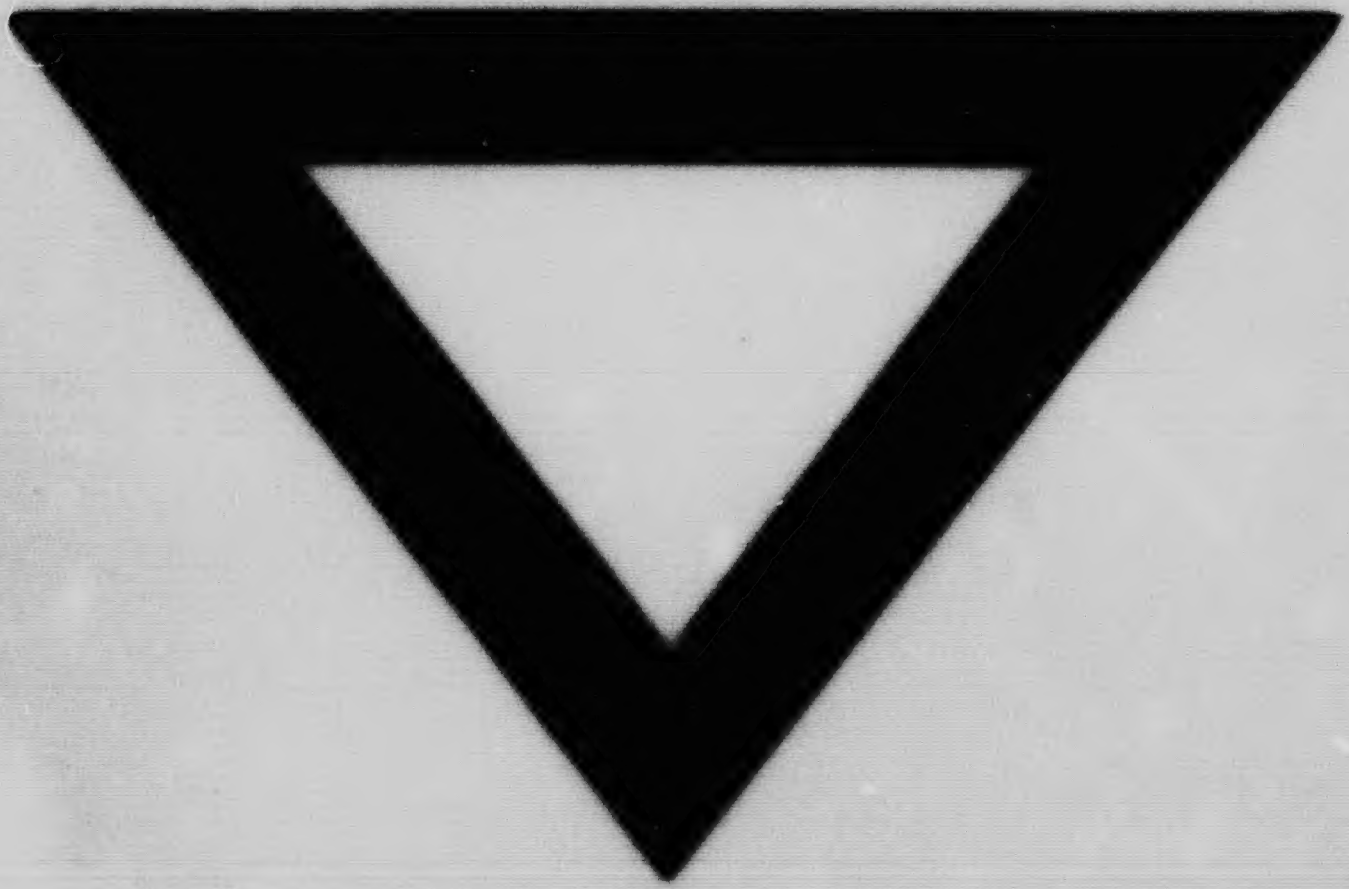
cur - ring thought Thy strength and so - lace be.
His de - sign Is kind and wise and right.
guid - ance shalt The gra - cious pur - pose prove.
bright - ness end, And bring to rest with Him.